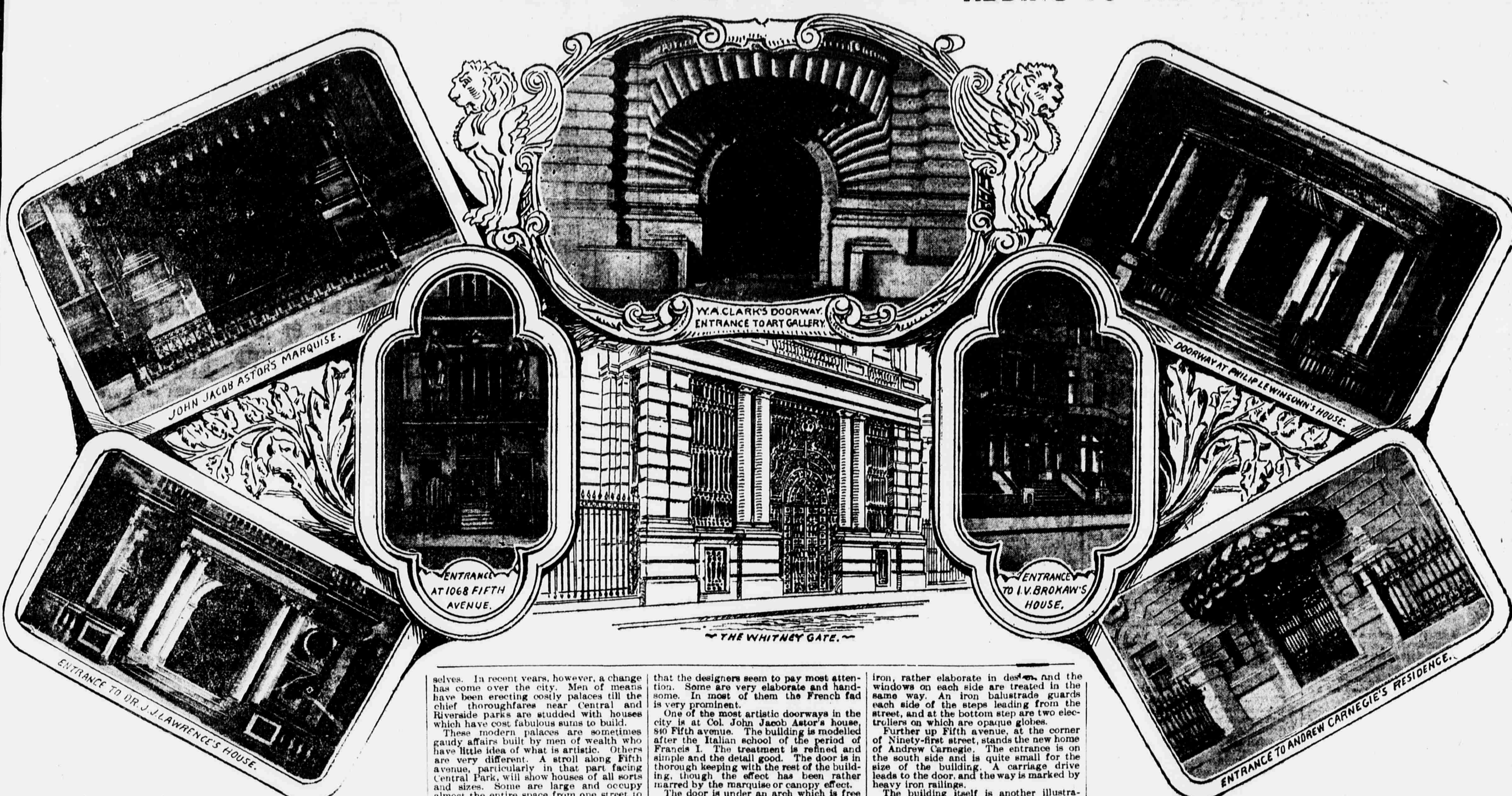


**A FANCY IN ARCHITECTURE THAT IS
ADDING TO THE TOWN'S GOOD LOOKS.**



Handsome doorways are a fad just now with those who can afford to build houses in this city. One can almost tell the tastes of the owner of a house by the display that is made on the door.

The architects, in most cases, have instructions to do as they please. Being shrewd men, they are able to judge the artistic qualities of the man they serve, and can tell whether it is best to design something elaborate, like the Vanderbilt houses at Fifth street, or a house that is artistic and in thorough keeping with the period it is to represent.

Mr. Newrich wants a house. He usually wants one that will show the people that he is wealthy and can afford to display his wealth outside as well as inside his house. The architect knows that it will be useless to design a house simple in treatment but rich in effect, so he carries

out his client's idea, and the result is that many of the buildings which have been erected in the city are entirely out of place in the crowded quarters.

The fact that the population has grown to such an extent that often when an old house has been purchased the owner has it remodelled. Particular attention is paid to the door, which must be made as elaborate as possible, regardless of the fact that it will not be at all in keeping with the rest of the structure.

It is not easy to go seen everywhere, which has in their composition a little of everything, and consequently represent nothing. One piece is borrowed from the French school, another from the Egyptian, and sometimes there is a suggestion of the Egyptian and Roman priods.

A few years ago the houses of this city were almost entirely of the brown, red, or some form predominated and the entrance was in keeping with the structures then

Some of the houses have a period style famous for the building. Some are pure Italian, French, Doric, Ionic from roof to cellar, in keeping with the idea that the designer has tried to put out, but they are the most arid and but they are not always the most show and consequently they do not please those who are fond of display.

Others are designed to attract attention by a composite style of architecture, as might be called, has become popular. Consequently it is possible to find a house with a dome of the Italian style, another balcony of still another, traces which will represent still another period and the result is a hodge-podge.

The fad nowadays is for a so-called modern French style, which is the Italian palaces and French châteaux furnish most ideas for the successful architect.

It is to the entrances to these fine houses

The windows on each side of the door are of similar structure. The door is made of wrought iron and is set into the door and a neat wrought iron rail along the stoop line separates this from the sidewalk. At each end of the railing are a cast-iron ramp post. The doors are wrought iron.

A little further up Fifth avenue, at 1235, is the house built by the late William H. Vanderbilt in the style of the Vanderbilt style. A balcony, supported by eight columns, marks the entrance. The four iron columns are of marble and the cornices are of marble. The porch is decorated with decoration. The doors are wrought iron.

A fair sample of the modern school of architecture is shown in the house built by Philip Lewisohn at 1235 Fifth avenue. This is a comparatively narrow house. The decorations are very elaborate. The entrance is a grand one, with a balcony. The entrance is a grand one, with a balcony. The entrance is a grand one, with a balcony.

lower part is built of stone and the wall is through heavy stone walling. The entrance is through the arch. The door is entrance iron and the grate in design. The marquise, which is of shape, and over this is a heavy balcony.

It is called stone to do. When he viewed the facade of the building, Senator W. A. Clark is having a call is now nearly finished. It has been called Clark's Arc de Triomphe. He was to give an arch effect; and while aesthetically it may not be attractive, it was good piece of engineering to secure the grate from work must have been the stone do not support themselves.

One of the finest specimens of a

ture in the city was seen in a dwelling, is the house of William K. Herbit, at Fifth avenue and Fifth street. This building was designed by Hunt and is said to be the best example of the French Gothic style of the period of Francis I. It is one of the show buildings of the city.

The house of Mrs. Cornelius Van Alstyne, at Fifth and Sixth avenues, is French Gothic in design. The best of this building is lost through its enclosure by the other houses so close to it that it is deadened by the street in thorough keeping with the rest of the building. Another French Gothic building built for Charles M. Schwab, at River street and Fifth avenue, is a classic in its way as is the house of J. Lawrence at 1080 Fifth avenue. A sample of the Italian Renaissance is the house of John D. Rockefeller, at the balcony, under which is the entrance door is of wrought iron and over the columns is a square window, over the

is a circular opening, treated in the same way as the door. The whole effect is simple and graceful and the balcony is much more imposing than the French marquise, which is more so many of the entrances to houses. The finest of these is at the entrance to the house of I. V. Brokaw at I East Seventeenth street. This is Romanesque design. A balcony is supported by two columns and a simple balustrade stands to guard the edges of the steps. The beauty of this design is rather spoiled by the fact the building is covered with ornate iron work.

Other illustrations of the modern French school are found in the doors of 1008 Fifth avenue, which is rather odd in its treatment of the entrance. The door is flanked by columns instead of columns. H. G. Tinsman's house at 1008 Fifth avenue is simple in treatment and effective on a small scale. The door is flanked by columns. Jacob H. Schiff at 905 Fifth avenue and Mrs. Walter Stern at 905 Fifth avenue are more examples of the French school.

MAKING ODELL'S CARD INDEX.

**12 HOURS' OF HARD WORK WITH
THE PEN FOR \$2.**

The girls crowded all the aisles, between the closely set rows of men at work. They were up at five in the morning. By 8 all had their heads bowed beneath the electric lights hard at work. Thus fate alone seemed worth something to the people occupied with the economical problem.

Work to the men meant food and lodging. The girls strayed in leisurely from homes, to work, perhaps something to eat, and the family life. All were spending money. It was not for such stern necessities as roof and food. Here were tremulous old men, young men, and women of every sort of men one expects to find as clerks and lookers; natty young men, men of education, men one would expect to find with ambitions. All were eager to secure three days work, at pay not even on such

god terms as the street sweepers. In the time the fluttering, chattering girl was passing, the district clerk took out ink bottles and pens and a stack of cards in front of each. At each table he was a supervisor who directed them. There was much laughing and joking and groans as the nature of the work was made clear. "I thought you meant addresses," called the writing biographers. "There's a girl in every group who supplies the glaziers with material." "Say, wouldn't I like to see the man that gives it to him?" "Ad! Wouldn't I like to give it to him!" "I've spent me car fare; now I've got to stick."

but in time they all got down to work, and this was what they had to do:

Each had the registry of an election district transcribed upon cards, name by name, in the order in which they were at the Assembly and election district. Then the name of the voter, his address, the number of his floor or room he occupies, his age, the length of his residence in the district, his nationality and the address of the

[illegible]

STILL MAKES HAIR JEWELR

**A LONE RELIC OF A CRAZE OF
FORTY YEARS AGO.**

One Small Factory Able to Supply the Demand in New York—A Contrast With Civil War Times—Spanish-Americans Still Likes Mementos Made of Hair

Sentiment and business seem far apart yet many a big business has risen on sentiment and has toppled when its substantial foundation melted beneath it. The manufacture of hair jewelry is one of the businesses that have survived, but one that remain downtown lingers the wailing ghost of a hair jewelry manufacturer that once brought in \$400,000 a year. The factory was founded in 1864, and the manufacturer's daughter still sits up in her little top floor room and makes hair jewelry; and she occasionally gets a letter addressed to her father at the old address, and she reads it and weeps like the million.

Forty girls worked all the year around in that shop in its palmy days; and in the

Christmas rush, working overtime, the operatives could make \$10 a week, a sum which has dwindled to \$8 or \$10. As many men were busy fastening the gold ornaments, the business occupied the floors of a big building.

Now one operator, besides the proprietor, can easily fill all orders, even when the Christmas season begins. Then the employer seeks here and there for a few of her father's old operatives, still lingering in the city, to do piecework.

When these old hands are no longer procurable, the employer goes on where to more, for girls will not learn the trade nowadays. The black eyed, silverhaired little woman who runs the business there now and then. But by the time she has counted 160 hairs, she sees the end of their petticoats vanishing down the stairway.

She sighs, but does not complain. And, if it is not an axe for counting

Hairs. She herself never learned to do
 finest work in her youth, and now she is
 old.
 Hair jewelry came out of Paris in 1870.
 For twenty years it was the fashion, and
 many an old brooch or bracelet is the
 souvenir of some boy in blue who ne-
 came back.
 Then popular taste suddenly changed.
 The business felt as flat as the old water
 key business when the steamwinder cre-
 in 1890. The manufacturer failed and di-
 but not before he had taught his daughter
 the business.
 She has always been able to make a liv-
 at it. The trade has never actually di-
 Founded on fashion, it has survived
 sentiment.
 Especially at this time of year, in an-
 ticipation of the present giving season, one
 come in from little New England villa-
 from lonely Western ranches, even from
 last memento into a permanent fo-
 Silk brown curls still come through
 mail to the little upstairs room; thin sh-
 of silver, long locks of gold. The li-

room has a quaintly commingled flavor of funeral woe and the vanities of the world: bracelets and baby's locks; watch chain and Willie's curls; brooches and Bessie's hair.

The South mourned thus, especially in view of the fact that the country had only a few years ago that orders stopped coming in from Dixie for these devices, as they are called in the trade. And residents of the South, who had been so busy with the funeral things, at from \$5 to \$35 apiece.

The Spanish have always been particularly fond of hair jewelry, and the country coachman, who is the best that we employ, for a device, like one in hand the other day, for instance, a brooch of mother-of-pearl, with a hair entwined in the shape and on the mother-of-pearl braid around a tiny wreath of hair, almost creditably fine and delicate.

It is a trade, however, which the propriety says she is not artist enough to execute. It is a trade which would pay no one learning it.

A portion of her hair is enough to suit

little bands to place across the top of the ring or to fill in one side of a little hair chain. The hair chain is made up of the top of a bracelet. But it takes no time to make a watch chain, which is the most common of all orders.

"It is men more than women who have kept this sentiment old trade alive. There are more orders for hair watch chains than for all other orders combined."

They were finishing up a curious one of the other day; a watch chain for a man who had a head of hair of three colors of hair, yellow, black and gray, and he wanted that his chain be made in three pieces, one of each. It was not a beautiful chain when finished, but it was very pathetic.

An untalented person would not recognize the material of these chains at first. The hair is dyed and the chain is made of soft for a variety of purposes. It is as useful and yet wiry, like a stiff silk net. It is a tedious job, and one can hardly tell the difference between the hair and the paper boxes or lampshades in the

Except for one other similar little story, stairs place in New York, and in America where hair jewelry is made, and it applies Spanish America as well. A flourish of the humorous occasionally lightens winter days.

One day there entered a man full of the vale of years, whose frosty locks were naturally have betokened a winter worn of a lock of his hair. It was for a friend," he said, and he knew she would appreciate it greatly.

"What material, he cheerfully bobbed his head down in front of the priestor and suggested that she should look a lock "somehow else it will show as the priorer, being a woman of little soul, and not desiring to lose or prevent herself from laughing in ridicule at a fact."

Now and then the hair of a favorite le dog or forwarded, almost invariably a man; but the question of whether a man can grow a bunch of elephant's tail from the end of the big fellow's tail was sent by the largest jeweler in New York, who received the order from a customer in Africa, whose elephant had been.

The jeweller said he could command

price, and would pay anything they asked for it. So they straightened it and boiled it, and combed and treated it, but all to no purpose. The more they fussed with it, the worse it got. It was impossible to straighten it, and the order had to be refused.

On the wall of the shop hangs a man's head, highly prized by the proprietor, as a memento of his father before her. It is a picture of a blond man, with a high forehead, and all made of the hair of the great President. Her father was a worshipper of Lincoln, and after the tragedy he sought and found solace in the study of the great President's hair to make two of these mementos. One he sent to Mrs. Lincoln, and the other still hangs in the shop.

Probably the fashion of hair jewelry will never revive. But there will still be a living in it for some one. For people still die and are sometimes mourned.

TOLD OF WELL KNOWN MEN

Differences Between Father and Son

From Harper's Weekly.

Representative and Senator of Tennessee tell of a campaign conducted by Gov. Taylor in that State.

Meeting for the first time a delegate from one of the eastern counties to the State

"I am glad to meet you, sir," I have known your father for a good many years, but he is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you. I see, sir, that the son is as good-looking as the father."

"Oh, come, Governor," replied the clerk, banteringly, "you needn't try to outdo me that way, for I'm for Barksdale all the more if the old man is for you."

The lawyer smiled in a reflective way.

"My dear, sir," he added, "I merely ascertained that you were a better looking man than your father. I did not say you had as much as your father."

Ogden an Excellent Judge.

From the London Mirror.

When Ogden, chief of the Japanese Consulate, was Judge Advocate he attended the Staff at Tokio one night. He was stationed near a doorway when a beautiful European woman swept by, and so gracefully and charmingly that he was attracted to her. He claimed involuntarily: "What a lovely man!"

She overheard him. With a little effort she could have seen her shoulder recognizing him, said: "What an excellent Judge."

The Tac of Gen. Plumer.
From M. A. P.

"Gen. Plumer is noted for his tact in dealing with Colonial troops," says T. P. O. "He was once heard of an incident during the Boer war in which this tact was severely tested.

"One day in camp a particularly proposition of an Australian, newly come from the bush, as a cold of some liquid suddenly became mad drunk. Raving and roaring about the camp, the Australian upon Gen. Plumer, standing spick and at the door of his tent, and, uttering a ribald abuse, rushed at the General and drew him a heavy blow on the chest before he could interfere.

"I need hardly say that such an act was punishable by death, but Gen. Plumer said to the onlookers who rushed in: 'Oh, leave him a way; he's drunk and I know what he is doing.'

"And that was all the notice the General took of the affair. But the delinquent comrades were not so lenient."

TERRAPIN UNDER SUSPICION

**WHY, ASKS THE EASTERN SAILOR,
HAS THE PRICE FALLEN?**

And What Becomes of the Flesh of a Muskrat Killed on the Chesapeake?—Muskkrat Not Bad if You'll Only Overlook the Taste.

"Listen," said the Eastern Shore man as he stood on the deck of his little boat and looked across the blue waters of Chesapeake at the fleet of oystermen fishing in Tangier Sound. "The price of oysters has fallen. Do you know why? Because some of the epicures are unsatisfied."

"Redbellies? No; they've used the muskrats."

"But now it's something cheaper than my opinion it's muskrat."

"Did I ever eat muskrat? No."

out West buy at \$1.50 a gallon. But you can be made to taste like terrapin and properly cooked and dressed, and the rat is dark enough to serve the purport.

"D'ye see that low land over there yond those tengers? Well, that's there. There are miles of it here, thousands of miles of it. You can get it for 50 cents and \$1 an acre. Now the it fetches \$8 or \$10, more than a good of the upland.

"The marsh is bought partly for duck and goose shooting, but also for the muskrats. You can always get a marsh like that for muskrat huntings.

"Three fresh water rivers make the marsh and the consequence is that there is just an ideal place for muskrats to breed their dead mice, and they are every winter by thousands and tens of thousands. We have a close season

muskrats in Maryland, because we prize the importance of our only pelt-bearing animal.

Men, boys and even women, kill muskrats on these marshes. The snared, caught in steel traps, are killed in their houses with what is known as the "big, many-time" gun. They kill two or three once a week who would take 1,200 muskrats the short winter open season.

There are two shrookers, one who buys two or three thousand worth of muskrat skins every year, there are buyers here every winter in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. Thousands of these skins are sent to be remodeled as something else.

"Now, what do you think become all the meat after the muskrats are killed? Do you think they are to be remodeled from these marshes alone?"

"If you'll visit Cambridge or any of these Eastern Shore towns on a Saturday morning, you'll see a street selling muskrats by the bush without even taking the trouble to skin them marsh rabbits. Saturday is a holiday in the towns and the towns are with country people.

"Most down here isn't specially for muskrats and pork pools live largely on pork.

they want a change they eat muskrats. Those who are used to it like it.

"But, bless you, it isn't all eaten here. A good deal is sent to Baltimore, and you'll never convince me that it isn't served up as terrapin to some folks who are glad to pay 25 cents a dish for the stuff under

its fine name.

"Mind you, it's just as clean as terrapin and no doubt as wholesome; but I insist that the fact that we Eastern Shore men will soon take to serving the real thing on our own tables, something we've been able to do here for a single terrapin went up to \$70 and \$80 a dozen."

Mark Twain and Girl Who Didn't Laugh

From Success.

Mark Twain once expressed the following sentiments to a young woman who had not smiled at a thing that he had said during an impromptu reception in his house:

"My dear, were to which lady daughter he invited him.

All the young ladies but one were in a state of great glee during the humorous address, but the one who didn't laugh finished at every witty remark. Just as Twain finished, he turned to the young woman who had not laughed, and said, in an undertone: You are the only sensible one here tonight."

THE AMERICAN

Senator Morgan's Evening Post.

A colleague tells an amusing story in which Senator John T. Morgan, who is quite noteworthy, is the main figure.

It appears that the Alabama statesman was at dinner one evening in a hotel at Hot Springs, Va., experienced considerable difficulty in separating from the plate passed him by the colored waiter what he thought was a hot potato. It stuck fast, so Senator Morgan pushed his fork quite under and tried again and again to pry it up.

Suddenly he became aware that his friend at the table were convulsed with laughter which much mystified him. But his surprise was even greater when the waiter quietly remarked:

"Pardon, me, Senator, but that's no hot potato."

Sir William Harcourt's Lack of Popularity

From the Chicago News.
Now that Sir William Harcourt is dead, they are telling a story in England which will do him more credit than his political life. Three men were in a club one evening talking of a big public dinner, which was to be given at an early date and each said he would bring the best hated man in London to the dinner.
Two showed up alone and the third brought Sir William, who explained, in all innocence that he was sorry that he could not accept the invitation of the first two, but he had already accepted that of the third.
Mr. Chamberlain as a Dancing Man.
From the Telfer.
That the ecclesiastical Secretary can walk will be a surprise to most people, as one would fancy dancing is an accomplishment altogether too frivolous for Mr. Chamberlain to shine in.
But, as matters are, however, Mr. Chamberlain, when sitting with Lord and Lady Bute, champagne attended a ball given by the then Mayor of Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain danced three waltzes and a set of lancers, but did not attempt the polka. This is probably the only time in the past twenty years that Mr. Chamberlain has taken an active part in the ballroom.